

or two, was received by Sir Andrew Buchanan, and went on to see the display of Great Britain. In all the imperial progress lasted about two hours and a quarter.

THE INTERNATIONAL JURORS

Visits to Archduke Rainer, at Wieden.

The Emperor Francis Joseph at His Summer Palace.

Historical Reminiscences of Schoenbrunn.

THE ARCHDUKE RAINER.

The American Jurors Hobnobbing with Imperialty.

THE SEMMERING RAILROAD

VIENNA, July 12, 1873.

The Austrian government has given the jurors and the distinguished persons here in Vienna attending the Exhibition a number of pleasant festivals. The first of the series was given by the Archduke Rainer, nominal President and Imperial Representative in the International Commission. The Archduke lives in a stately palace at Wieden, and on Saturday evening last invited to it the members of the international jury, announcing on his card of invitation that the hour of reception would be nine o'clock. It was eight when the guests began to arrive, and as they passed into the palace they were ushered into the reception room, where they were formed into groups or sections, according to their nationalities, and were presented to His Imperial Highness by the representative of the country to which they belonged. On the right hand of the reception room where the company was received a long balcony extended, with steps leading down to the gardens and grounds attached to the palace. In this garden there was the band of the Archduke's regiment, composed of sixty-five musicians, diligently playing appropriate music. The grounds were decorated with Chinese lanterns, which threw a soft, pleasing light on the flowers and trees, the flags and the shrubbery. It was about an hour, perhaps, before the ceremonial reception was over and the Archduke was enabled to speak to each and all of his guests. It was about nine o'clock when the doors to the left of the main reception hall were thrown open, and all were paraded in solemn state into the presence of the Archduke, the wife of His Highness, to whom we were introduced by Baron Schwarzenberg. The Archduke himself took part in this reception, on the right of the Archduchess, her daughter, a lady in waiting and an Italian nobleman in the uniform of the staff of Victor Emmanuel, covered with decorations. It may interest your lady readers to know that Her Imperial Highness wore a mauve silk dress, of fine Valenciennes lace, a necklace of pearls, and diamonds sprinkled in her hair. Her daughter was dressed in blue silk, trimmed with white lace, and very little jewelry. His Highness Archduke Rainer resembles very much his brother the Austrian Maximilian, who was shot in Mexico a few years ago. He is a thin, tall, compactly built, German-faced person, with a hair and beard a little touched with gray, and on this evening he wore the uniform of his regiment, and was conspicuous in the moving throng by his military bearing and his tall figure. Among the Americans who were presented on this occasion were Mr. Howard Painter, of Pennsylvania; Robert B. Lines, of Washington; Dr. J. W. Hoyt, of Wisconsin, and J. Lawrence Smith, of Kentucky. After we had made our compliments to the Archduke and his wife refreshments were offered to all, and the evening passed away in chatting, gossip and listening to the music.

THE EMPEROR'S PALACE AT SCHOENBRUNN. On the Tuesday succeeding the Archduke's reception we were asked by the Emperor Francis Joseph to visit him at Schoenbrunn, his favorite summer residence. The form of invitation to the imperial presence was, translated, as follows:

INVITATION

RECEPTION AT COURT.

On Tuesday, July 9, 1873, at half-past nine A. M., in the

GRAND GALLERY AT SCHOENBRUNN.

The gentlemen of military rank appear in service uniform—i. e., in parade dress; those of civilian rank in dress coat, with white cravat.

The ribbon of the Order of the Grand Cross will not be worn over the coat.

For X. Y. Z.

Those who cannot attend the invitation will communicate their excuses to the Imperial and Royal Court Marshal.

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a fountain ornamented with statues of heathen beings, and as it is called by the Germans *Schoene Brunnen* it gives the name to the palace. There is also a temple, with a colonnade of pillars, which is called the "Colonnade," and where, on a clear day, one can see Vienna sleeping in the sun. As we likewise reminded that there is attached to the palace a botanic garden of great extent and value, a palm house, with tropical acacias; a collection of Brazilian plants and a menagerie, not in good condition, however, the animals being few. The prevailing trait about the menagerie is that the bears are furnished with a bath to themselves.

Your correspondent noticed that in most of the conversations addressed by the Emperor to his guests he merely listened and said but little, speaking in German, generally in French, now and then saying a word or two in slow, uncertain English. We observed in the English group the British Minister, Sir A. Buchanan, G. C. B.; His Grace the Duke of Manchester, while in our American group, besides the Minister and his two guests, were Professor Collier, of Vermont; J. Lawrence Smith, of Kentucky; Dr. Hoyt, of Wisconsin; Professor Horsford, H. Higelow, J. C. Daggett, N. M. Lowe, Theodore Lyman, Frank B. Millet, J. D. Philbrick, Captain Melg, Joseph E. Holmes, Dr. Ruppner, George W. Shook, Howard Painter, Professor Thurston, R. B. Lines and George H. Wood, of Connecticut.

THE EXCURSION TO THE SEMMERING.

The general direction of the Exposition are certainly very fortunate in the selection of excursions for us international jurors. A few days after we were introduced to the artificial charms of imperial Schoenbrunn we were invited to see the natural beauties of the Semmering Pass, and to admire and be astonished at the engineering skill that has been expended in conducting the railroad over the high mountain range. This time we were permitted to have the company of ladies, who helped to make the excursion still more agreeable. They, too, like the jurors, were of all nationalities, tongues and dialects. The party left Vienna at eleven in the morning of the 12th in three long trains, the destination being the village of Murzschlog, in Styria, just over the crest of the mountain. I hardly need to describe the road to and over the Semmering very minutely, though it is full of interest, of surprises and changing scenery. A busy plain stretches from Vienna, dotted with thriving villages, and pretty villas of wealthy Viennese merchants, the elevations, as we near the hill district, crowned with ruins of feudal castles and strongholds. An hour's run brought us to Neustadt, a populous town, noted at its depot for good beer and long German sausages. There is a pretty story lying somewhere in the history books to the effect that Napoleon, pressing his armies upon Vienna after the battle of Wagram, Maria Louisa, afterwards his wife, was in the castle of Schoenbrunn, and that in respect of her griefs and illness he directed that the artillery should not fire upon the imperial chateau. This Schoenbrunn palace is pretty much in the same condition now as it must have been in at the time of the Napoleonic magnificence. It is about two miles from Vienna, was planned in the beginning as a hunting seat by an emperor called Matthias, and was concluded by Maria Theresa, whom you all know well. It is a noble place in its way, finely furnished, containing a number of portraits of the ancestors of this imperial family, all of whom may not be remembered, perhaps, except Maria Theresa, the Second Joseph and the unhappy Marie Antoinette. In this place we are informed that Napoleon lived after he won Vienna in winning the battle of Wagram. Here he signed the famous treaty of Schoenbrunn, which made a great noise in its time, and carried peace with it, and has passed away into waste paper, like other treaties, and left abundant wars in its train. Here, furthermore, dwelt the Duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon's son, King of Rome, of the French dynasty, and heir to the greatest empire of modern times. Here he died, in 1832, in the thirty-first year of his age; he might have been living yet, in a hale, middle-aged condition; but he pined away some say, others that he dissipated his young life—died of ambition and what not; most probably had little life in him and played it away before he had really begun. We may add furthermore that in this palace of Schoenbrunn was held the sessions of

THE HOLY ALLIANCE CONGRESS

after Napoleon's exile to Elba, and here was planned and carried into immortal life the famous Holy Alliance which all the world knows changed the face of Europe and made war impossible for evermore.

We arrived at the palace of Schoenbrunn after a short drive from Vienna, the night being very clear and the moon shining brightly down. We found that we were not among the first comers by any means, a great number of carriages having arrived before, and the occupants taken out. We were passed along through a long and narrow chamber, by the imperial guards who were in attendance. Your correspondent walked into the grand gallery, where all the tongues of the world were being spoken around him, in a confusion as incessant and perplexing as that which was said to have fallen upon the impatient builders of the early Babel Tower. The imperial reception room was ostentatiously decorated, lavishly in ornamentation, highly colored frescoes, chandeliers with thousands of candles blazing out and filling the room with boisterous radiance. After we had gathered in sufficient quantity we were arranged into columns and groups, duly placed according to country and station in the Exhibition, to await His Majesty's coming. I should think there were in number at least a thousand of us from all lands, Japan and Brazil, United States and

China, from the extreme East and from the West.

Among the American faces noticeable there was our own Minister Jay, who looked as calm and smiling and summerlike as though there had never been an American scandal in Vienna, and had his soul racked to pieces by listening to the affidavits of disappointed tavern keepers. At his side was the stately, genial and familiar form of Mr. John M. Francis, Minister to Greece, editor of the *Troy Times*. Mr. Francis happened to be in Vienna on his way from Greece to New York, with a diplomatic leave of absence, and those who have not seen him for two years will be glad to know that he looks as bright and as genial as ever in his best and youngest New York days. Furthermore, accompanying the Minister, in American uniform, brigadier general's star on the shoulder and long and faded shawl, was General Kidder, of the retired list of the regular army. He looks well, despite his cruel and aggravating wounds, and is now making a slow jaunt over Europe. These gentlemen were in the diplomatic circle, and while we were noting them

THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH

quietly walked into the room, opening a door on the right, and wearing a light blue jacket designating high rank in the Austrian army, a jacket very slightly decorated and pantaloons of white, around a person a simple belt and a hat of a hussar officer in full uniform. We note on the Emperor's face a smile which was so marked on the day of the opening—rather what the French would call a *risette* expression of countenance—indicating the many cares that press upon His Majesty's brow. Accompanied by officers of his staff and members of his household, he walked slowly from group to group, saying a few words to the prominent members of each group, who, after a speech with His Majesty, passed out to the portico and down into the gardens to listen to the music or enjoy the delightful moonlight and illuminated scene. The gardens were illuminated by oxyhydrogen process, the light falling upon them so as to make them almost as bright as day. They came to us waters dressed in knee breeches, white stockings and blue dress coats, bringing ice and fruits and wine. The gardens were rendered a fairy scene, and legend and history lent interest to many a charming nook. We were reminded that in this garden of Schoenbrunn an excitable, romantic German student attempted upon one occasion to murder the great Emperor; but here he was shot for that transaction and ever since has lain buried under these beautiful shade trees. If we were in a wandering mood to-night we might find probably in one of the alleys of the palace, under this bright, silvery moon, what is called

THE BEAUTIFUL FOUNTAIN.